



DIEPPE.—MOSSOO LEARNING TO FLOAT.

OUR SPECIAL AT BRIGHTON.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I, like the excellent HARBOUR of Haverstock Hill, have been trying experiments with Weeds on the sea-shore. The result has not been satisfactory, except in the case of those which I surreptitiously obtained from your ivory box (which I don't at all believe to be ivory—the world is a Sham) and brought down in my cigar-case. I do not know whether these will answer as substitute for cotton, but as I spoiled my lunch by smoking too many, I may say that they replaced a usually capital twist.

"The alchemists did not find out how to make gold, but their experiments helped them to many more useful discoveries. I do not know that I have invented anything here, except excuses for not coming back to my work (as rather pointedly invited by yourself to do), but I have ascertained a good many facts about Brighton, and they are entirely at your service. Lodgings, I beg pardon, Apartments, are being let at rates which argue that the owners think well of their residences, though I believe that as a rule departing sojourners are not lavish in the expression of similar opinions. But you can be very comfortably housed in Brighton, if you like to pay about three times as much for a couple of rooms as you pay for your entire house in London, and so far as my own experience goes, I find that, content with this grand plunder, your hostess lets your cognac and cold shoulder alone. I think, too, that living in the vicinity of London has tended to soften the manners of the natives. At Hastings, and other distant places, you are robbed with a savage surliness, and in everyting, from rent down to cigar-fuses, but here, though you sit, no doubt, at a rack-rent, it is taken with a smile, and I have even found on my mantel-piece in the morning the same number of weeds I left there over-night. Perhaps they were supposed to be Brighton ones.

"My chief resort—the weather has been lovely (which I am happy to say that few of my friends who insulted me with their preparations for Sveaborg, Switzerland, and Sicily, report as their experience)—has been the shingles in front of the Bedford Hotel, whence indeed I ought to have dated, but for circumstances—but I do not reproach you. Here is the great crowd all day, for it is here that the ladies chiefly bathe, and in addition to the hundreds of nursemaids and thousands of children who congregate, the male population of Brighton, especially the younger portion, regularly and faithfully assemble, in order to be ready to lend many aid in rescuing any virtuous female who may be carried out to sea by the tempestuous billows of a proverbially dangerous shore. The untiring tenacity with which these brave gentlemen keep watch at this point reveals united nobility and delicacy of character. But this is not the only attraction of the Bedford plateau. I descend from the dusty

NEW AMERICAN PLANT.

THE subjoined telegram, in the *Richmond Examiner*, "from an intelligent gentleman connected with the Southern Press," will be not without its interest to the British horticulturalist:—

"Saturday Night, Aug. 30.—The enemy were whipped off the field with great slaughter, and many guns were taken. They ran so fast in some parts of the field that JACKSON, who was ordered to press them, replied that they were too fast for him."

At this time of year a beautifully picturesque appearance is presented by many of our houses, which are crimsoned over with the American creeper. America, by the foregoing account, produces not only creepers, but also runners, which might likewise be acclimated in this country. They would doubtless readily cling to British walls, though in their native soil they run in the field, as fast as ever they can, from STONEWALL JACKSON.

Sensation Puff.

TALK of thrilling announcements, and say what you think of this, extracted from a paper:—

"CRYSTAL PALACE.—BLONDIN is announced to appear on the high rope inside the Palace to-day, and to terminate his performance by a terrific descent to the ground, head foremost."

An immense attraction doubtless. But the advertisement might have been improved. It might have stated that BLONDIN would terminate his existence.

Parade, plunge through the shingle, and in a careless but unavoidably graceful attitude fling myself down in the shadow of one of the numerous row-boats, the *Here We Are*, or the *Jolly Larks*, or the *Two Poor Feet*, or some other of the playfully christened fleet, built like the pirate vessels of old, for plundering London Adventurers. Little thinks that noisy crowd who is in its midst. Little think those three lovely angels, each with her volume from MUDIE, each with her blue seaside jacket, each with her raven or auburn locks drying in the wind, that you intellectual face under the semi-pumpkin hat, and you semi-pumpkin form—pooh, you elegant form, to which justice is scarcely done by the Tweed uniform, are those of your correspondent. If they did, would LOUISA laugh so wildly, would BLANCHE chide her SKYE with such merry petulance, would ADELAIDE reply so frankly to the pertinacious vendor of lace-collars? Why should they not? Am I one to scare girlhood from its mirth? Alas, my darlings, I am he to whom the divine SHAKESPEARE counsels the lover to go for counsel—

"Neither too young nor yet unwed."

By the way, my dear Mr. Punch, burn your blotting paper. I described myself, truthfully, as a married man, at a certain boarding-house, and was subsequently informed with much maliciousness that I was known to be nothing of the kind, the proof being that the blotting-book revealed that I had begun a letter "Beloved and Adored One." Sir, I am sorry for those who could not believe that one so addressed the wife of one's cheque-book, but that is not to the purpose. Burn your blotting-paper.

"Stretched, Sir, beside the *Here We Are*, and with one of your Havaannahs between my lips, I affect to read the *Record*, *Bell's Life*, or some other improving periodical, but, really, I watch the ever-shifting tableau of Brighton life. Of the bathing it does not occur to me to say anything, except that I think three-quarters of an hour too long for any female being, except a mermaid, to cling, almost motionless, to the wheel of one of WIDMAN late POLLARD's machines. But this is a matter for the family doctor. The peripatetic salesfolk and mendicants are a nuisance, because indiscriminating. Let them besiege good natured excursionists, tender fathers, unsuspecting countryfolk, when they will, but why do they come to me? Do I want boxes stuck over with wretched shells, bad lace, peppermint lozenges, polished pebbles, stale buns, toy windmills, dead star-fish or live *Actinia*, or am I likely to bestow out of my limited funds alms to a dirty little girl, because she sings vilely by the side of a dirty old man who plays worse, or to a dirty long boy because he shows me a dirty box containing nine beetles pinned therein? Let them go to softer folks, and take with them the impudent beast of a Brighton boatman, who, making it necessary for me to tell him seven times that I will not take a splendid sail this

morning, begs of me a cigar, which I refuse, begs of me the price of an ounce of bacev, which I refuse, and finally begs me to tell him if I know anybody who will lend him twenty pounds, which I refuse. What right has that insolent beast to bother me?—he is a dastard too, for he knows that ladies and children are around, he knows I have read my HORACE about *maxima reverentia*, and he knows that he is safe from Anglo-Saxon expression of the wrath that lightens in my fine eye.

"Yes, Sir, here I am calm as a limpet. Over me run the children in shoals, bless them, and I pick the small ones up and console them for having hurt me like the deuce. The Misses ESTIFANIA and ISOLINE BLOGG sweep past me, and knock me over the nose with their crinoline, and I do not even revenge myself by a scoff at their Galwegian ankles. Mrs. GITTINGS, a big lady, bawling after her badly-bred brats, tramples on me with cowlike tread, and I make no sign of the rage I feel, but I shall be avenged when her landlady takes account of the mischief those cubs have done the furniture. Only when young JOCABAD SAMUELS, now gloriously arrayed, *matatus ab illo* who last week stood and next week will stand at the old clothes-shop door, comes too near me with his indescribably abominable Cuba I smile my ineffably sarcastic smile—the photograph does it no justice—at his veskit, and the youth goes away, gradually, from my gaze like a beautiful dream. For I am tolerant, I am patient, I am listening. I hear, in the group of nursemaids and children, divers of the former speaking with almost exaggerated kindness to the latter, and calling them dears, and seeming delighted at their talk, while divers other attendants are stern, or sulky, or snappish with their charges, and menace them with dire punishments. I look closer, and I see that the Mammies of the first children are seated within ear-shot, or permeating the groups, but I do not see the Mammies of the second. I behold that pretty girl by the *Two Poor Feet*—two pretty feet are here—suddenly flush up. Is it a lovely passage in my own novel (not the finest) which I perceive she is reading, that has such power over her roses? There are sweet passages in that book, that *Sherry and Bitters*, but for once let vanity rest—that flush is due to the approach of you handsome, blue-eyed youth with the black dog—he, I mean the youth, somewhat resembles what I was a few years ago. I listen too, and in honour, for folks talk to be heard, here. I learn that Mr. WAGNER's church is so crammed that the vergers have to beat back the surplus congregation with staves, that there has been a Volunteer dinner at the Pavilion to

LORD RANELAGH, (whom you called JONES the Avenger) that the theatre here gives fierce melodrama, which I count far wiser than a weak attempt at higher things, that there is an 'elegant and fashionable morning entertainment,' at high prices, in which Chinese actors figure, and wherein the great attraction proclaimed in large letters, is 'Impaling a Man Alive' (I myself saw the bill) that MR. HAYLLAR's prawns are sumptuous, some are eighteen-pence, some half-a-crown a hundred—and I resolve to have fifty for my light supper—that H. R. H. the Duchess of some bridge and her illustrious daughter are coming here—that it is difficult to get anything but a screw to ride unless the horse-people know you—that it is a bore to go to BRILL'S when more than three or four schools are there at the same time—that you can get a very good dinner at MURROW's, but that a first class *table d'hôte* at about three shillings and sixpence is much wanted in Brighton—that there are a good many persons in Brighton who ought not to be here or anywhere else, (and some of them are pointed out)—that the place is not so full as usual—that the little performing horse is very clever, but the birds are humbugs—and that at MR. WAGNER's, aforesaid, they really sail near the wind that blows to Rome, and that if they would put out the candles and spend the money on finishing the tower, it would be well.

"These, Sir, are among the gems of wisdom which I have picked up here, Brighton jewels. Others I have, which shall be yours in private. I will now close, as I am anxious to pursue my studies. For, Sir, it is most difficult to get a new book at the libraries, owing to the vast demand. I have been driven to peruse the most afflictive volumes. The last tale was of four virtuous engineers who were engaged to four virtuous girls, and after talking virtuously through the three volumes, they married, the plot being that a young clergyman was going to propose to one of the girls, but finding she was engaged, withdrew, like a gentleman. But now I have got something stirring, for I see in my second volume that 'the traitor Attorney,' with 'his one glittering eye,' throws the Earl, his victim, into perspirations. This promises well, and I cannot be delayed from the lawyer's hydraulics.

"Yours most devotedly,

"Peregrine Falcon."

A SWELL'S REMINDER.

"Scarborough, Wednesday (I think).



LD PUNCH.—What is the use of making a fuss about the bad refreshments at the Exhibition? That they are as bad as they can well be, I make no sort of doubt, for my men, ALEXANDER, asked leave to go up to Town to take his sweetheart, (or whatever his class call the article) to the Show, and was so stupid for three days afterwards that I was nearly shying a bootjack at him. He apologised (for he's really a well behaved fellow) by saying that his mind had been demoralised by the coarse food he had been ass enough to eat at the Exhibition. But as a rule what can it signify what is given to anybody who is in London in October?

What can it matter to such a Gorilla, or to anybody else, what he eats? I hate hypercriticism. But I think that the refreshment folk may as well be stirred up with a long pole, because I hear that the Show is to be opened in November at a high admission price, for us. We don't dine then, of course, unless they are going to keep it open till nine o'clock, but one might want lunch, and I do hope that GRANVILLE, or CADOGAN, or somebody will make it his business to see that things are as they should be at that time.

"Awfully jolly weather, old fellow. I suppose you are at Baden Baden, but somebody can open and print this.

"Ever yours,
"ALCIBIADES MOUNTARLINGTONEDGE CUMBE."

THE SAVAGES IN THE BACK SETTLEMENTS.

In Gray's Inn Lane, on Sunday night last week, a fight took place between two colonies of savages who have settled in that neighbourhood; the Kerry Indians and the Tipperary Indians. These tribes have been for some time at variance, which at last broke out into open war. To prevent them from slaughtering each other in a civilised capital, the police interfered, and thus attracted their animosity towards themselves. The frantic barbarians attacked the peace officers with their bludgeons, and desperately wounded several of them. According to a report of the disturbance:

"Sergeant 5 G had several of his teeth knocked out, and was severely bruised about the head and body by being jumped upon. Nos. 157 and 193 G division were also so seriously injured that they were taken to the hospital, and two constables of the city police have been frightfully knocked about."

Of course these savage rioters were ultimately overpowered, though all but one managed to make their escape, aided by their squaws, who, we are told, were indefatigable in supplying them with weapons. What a dreadful thing it is that an English police-officer should be subject to be jumped upon and have his teeth knocked out by these infuriated Yahoos! Like the other natives of the Hibernian wilds, both these tribes of savages have their spiritual medicine-men, whom they call Fathers, and beneath whom they all alike grovel in the most abject prostration. What are these reverend Fathers about to allow the Kerry and Tipperary savages to run so rampant?

"Nolo Episcopari."

A "HARVEST-HOME Festival," according to a newspaper paragraph, was held the other Sunday in Clare Market Chapel; Clare Market, observe, not Haymarket, which might be thought the fitter locality for such a celebration, if it were forgotten that thanksgiving for a good harvest is as due in one place as in another. The sermon, we are told, was preached by the REV. C. M. ROBINS "who has declined the Bishopric of Central Africa." Has he? Sensible man.

Heads and Tales.

MR. ST. JOHN, writing of the Dyaks, says that those interesting people are not to be accused of savagery in respect to their favourite practice of cutting off any head they can get at. They say that this is simply a refined amusement, "Just as white folks read books, we seek for heads." A course of sea-side reading enables Mr. PUNCH to state that no two amusements can be more unlike.

THE GOVERNESS ABROAD.



is no reason why the machinery of education should be kept at home under lock and key.

Adelaide and Victoria, however, we are told by some rude observers, do not require accomplished governesses. Those pretty young colonies are perfectly competent to manage the kitchen garden, and can very well dispense with a conservatory for some time to come. We think that this conclusion is not well grounded. Who would not be pained to see Victoria and Adelaide a pair of romps with bright eyes and sun-burnt cheeks, and splendid appetites, but aggravating poor letter H beyond all endurance, and making fearful havoc with their papa's veal, wine, and vinegar? Of course, the mother country don't contemplate sending her wealthy daughters a parcel of blue stockings. They might, however, surely find room for a few "Ologies" without disturbing their culinary stores. Dr. BUCKLAND AND MRS. GLASS could go together arm-in-arm. To be conversant with languages does not imply inability to pickle tongues. An acquaintance with conchology, one would think, would be a fitting preparation for scolloped oysters, and as for pastry, that need not deteriorate by the fair manipulator's having had an insight into the crust of the earth.

Another and still more unpleasant class of censors insinuate that the intending emigrants carry two faces under one hood. While ostensibly going out to cultivate the waste lands of mind, their real destination is the Eden of Matrimony. It is rumoured that their ambition is not so much to enlarge the circle of knowledge, as to form a little circle of their own. That, in fine, they are bent on making personal conquests rather than in teaching the nascent idea how to shoot. We don't believe a word of it. But admitting it, for sake of argument, what does this lofty impeachment amount to? Simply that they aim at permanently promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Then it is asserted that the nomadic tribes, who wander about in quest of nuggets, eschew marriage, and are not prepared to execute a settlement. If this really be so, we have nothing further to advance. We would not recommend our gently nurtured countrywomen a wanderer's life in a gipsy's tent; and although in this tight little Island there may be a scanty crop of offers, comparing the Exquisites of the Serpentine with the Rovers of Swan River, it can scarcely be doubted that a beau in the hand is worth two in the bush.

HARPY HOTELS.

At Doncaster, during the late races, according to our sporting friend "ARGUS," the hotel-keepers "thoroughly maintained the high reputation they have ever maintained for skinning their visitors." For example, some of them charged "four guineas for four nights' sleeping accommodation," and at one establishment the landlady and her whole household united in a vain attempt to make a spirited young lieutenant "pay 1s. 9d. for a bottle of seltzer water with a dash of brandy." In making these charges—more absurd and audacious than the Balacava charge—hotel-keepers may well be represented as "skinning" their guests, because they more than fleece them.

Touching the extortion exemplified, as above, by the Doncaster hotel-keepers, and practised, more or less, by most others, we may venture to submit to our legislative readers the following questions by a correspondent:

"Wot difference is there atween drivin a Weeble for Ire and keepin a Notell?"

"If overchargin is Ixtorshun in wun case, isn't it jest as badd in the Uther?"

"To Perwent heverbody all alike from extorshun as wel as Drivers of Public Weeables, wy nott likewise Keepers of Publicouses too, and ev hall Landlords wotsover and their waiters oblig'd to ware a Badg?"

"Wooden't itt Had to the Heligance of a slap-up Corfy-rume?"

Our correspondent and querist proceeds to suggest that the wearers of the badge, in case of attempted overcharge, should be liable to be "Fuld up Afore the Beh and Fin'd or ave 6 munths," and his signature is "CARRY."

LET HIM ALONE.

BULL TO BUNCOMBE.

HANDS off, JONATHAN! what do you mean
Striking your brother?
Have you no shame such a sight should be seen?
Some of one mother!
You! bouncing braggart of muscle and bone!

Let him alone.

Did not your Ancestors haughtily spurn
Thought-binding Power?
Think of those Pilgrims silent and stern
In the *Mayflower*?
Ev'n from their sepulches sadly they groan,
Let him alone.

Whom fight you for?—that demon Pride
Smote at creation?
Lucifer laughs in his sleeve, but can't hide
His base exultation.
Would you tread on your kinsman when he is thrown?
Let him alone.

Love is all lost! no good is won!
Quench this hot quarrel,
Struggling to snatch from a grim-gaping gun
A torn leaf of laurel!
Is not his pluck to be prized as your own?
Let him alone.

Vengeful and vain! for widow or child
Have you no bowels?
Fierce in your passion as War-horses wild
Stung by the rowels.
Sympathy whispers in soft seraph tone,
Let him alone.

Singly you never can dare to be bald,
Then deign to be humble.
You tremble and wince to relinquish your hold,
Lest haply you stumble;
Trust your long legs, like a man fully grown—
Let him alone.

Where are ye, Minstrels, bay-crown'd and proud,
Reft of all gladness?
Mutely stand with hands folded—heads bow'd,
Crush'd by such madness!
Look up, and speak out, like a trumpet loud blown,
Let him alone.

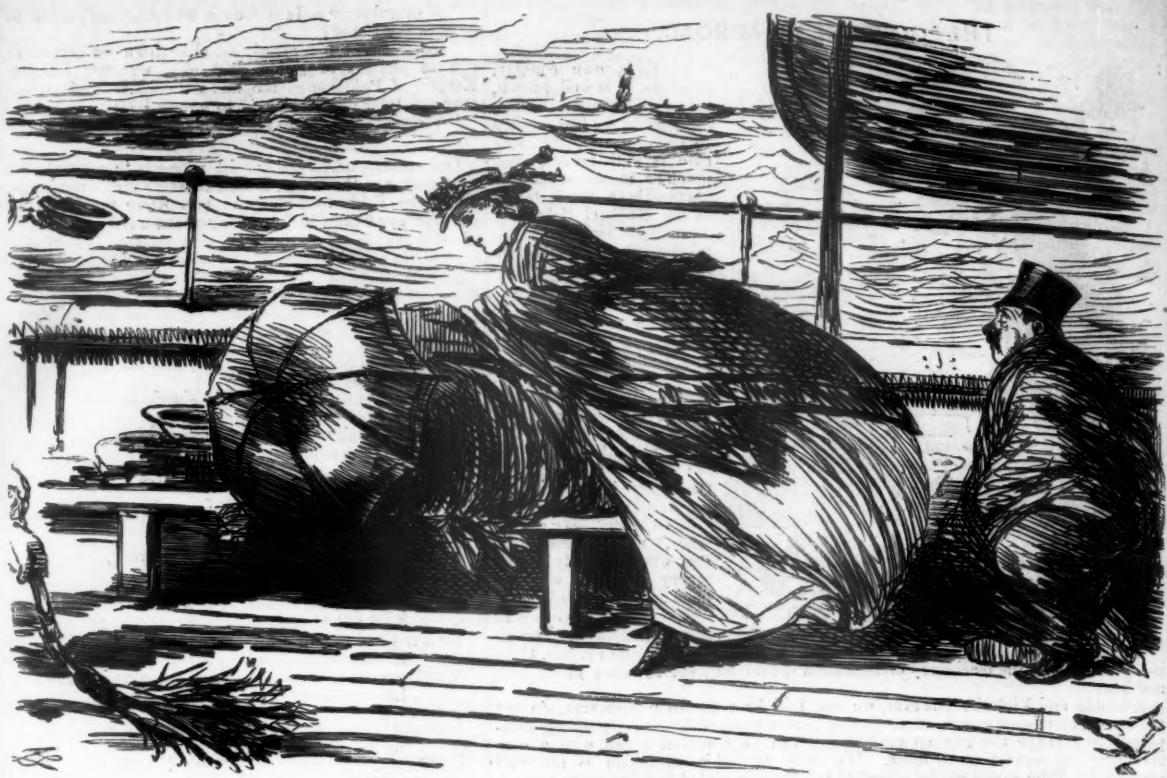
Shall your ambition meet with no check,
Star-spangled hero?
If the great world had only one neck,
Would you clutch it like NERO?
Be warn'd! Dragons spring from the teeth you have sown,
Let him alone.

Injudicious Haste.

THE walls of Canterbury, and more especially those in the vicinity of the Cathedral, up to the very gates, have been recently covered with placards, announcing "Sam's Arrival." We need not state that the announcement was extremely premature.

RATIONAL CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to acknowledge the receipt of half a £10,000 note on the Bank of Elegance for Income-Tax unpaid.



SERVING HIM OUT.

Mrs. T. (to T.) "FEEL A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, DEAR ? CAN I GET ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU ? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CIGAR CASE NOW ? (Aside.) I 'LL TEACH HIM TO GO OUT TO GREENWICH AND RICHMOND WITHOUT ME, AND SIT UP HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS CLUB !"

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

SHE tries her charm by plucking off the petals,
(As lovesick English maids by tea or coffee lees)
But who her tempter's changeful will unsets,
Who is the Third NAPOLEON's *Mephistophiles*?

Is it the cruel swaggering *Arimanes*,
Who Frenchmen ever unto mischief eggeth on,
Is it *La Gloire*, that god of godless Zanies ?
Down with that demon, down to burning Phlegethon !

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

THE subjoined piece of intelligence has appeared in the columns of a contemporary :—

"RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—The Jews of Kattowitz, in Silesia, have just inaugurated a new synagogue in that town. In a procession from the old place of worship to the new, the Roman Catholic and Protestant clergy walked behind the four rabbis, who carried rolls of parchment on which were written the Five Books of Moses. After Divine Service a repast was offered to the persons who had taken part in the ceremony, when expressions of toleration, fraternity, and neighbourly love were exchanged."

The New Jerusalem has surely commenced in Kattowitz, where such brotherly union exists between Jews and Christians as that indicated in the foregoing paragraph—if it is not a hoax. In point of liberality Kattowitz highly excels the British capital itself. When shall we see the Chief Rabbi and the other Rabbis of London marching to open a synagogue in Shoreditch with CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. CUMMING, the BISHOP OF LONDON, and a multitude of Church of England, Roman Catholic, and Dissenting clergymen walking behind them ? Never perhaps, for there is some reason to fear that the ultra-Christian humility of bringing up the rear of such a procession could only have been imputed to ministers of Christianity playfully, by that modest assurance which is regarded as rather characteristic of the Jewish race.

A CONSPICUOUS NUISANCE.

THE music-shop windows afford a gratuitous exhibition of very peculiar works of art. These are the pictures which adorn the backs and illustrate the contents of the music books. There is somewhat in the best of them that is considerably repulsive, yet they are not altogether and simply disgusting. The pretty men attired in the height of evening dress, or brilliant fancy costume, and the fashionable ball-room beauties or stage heroines, represented as combining with them in elegant positions, are too absurd to excite unmitigated abhorrence. They are ludicrous as well as offensive. The insanity with which the epicene warriors and ruffians are depicted knitting their brows, and trying to look fierce, and the vacuity expressed in the faces of their gesticulating female associates, suggest that their originals were animated dummies, actuated solely by the love of displaying their clothes. The dancing dandies and their blooming partners look like ideal portraits of tailors' wax-works endowed with semi-consciousness. The imbecility of these figures is transcendent ; its delineation evinces a genius of a sort ; it amounts to the sublime and something more : and is so ridiculous as to provoke our disdainful laughter.

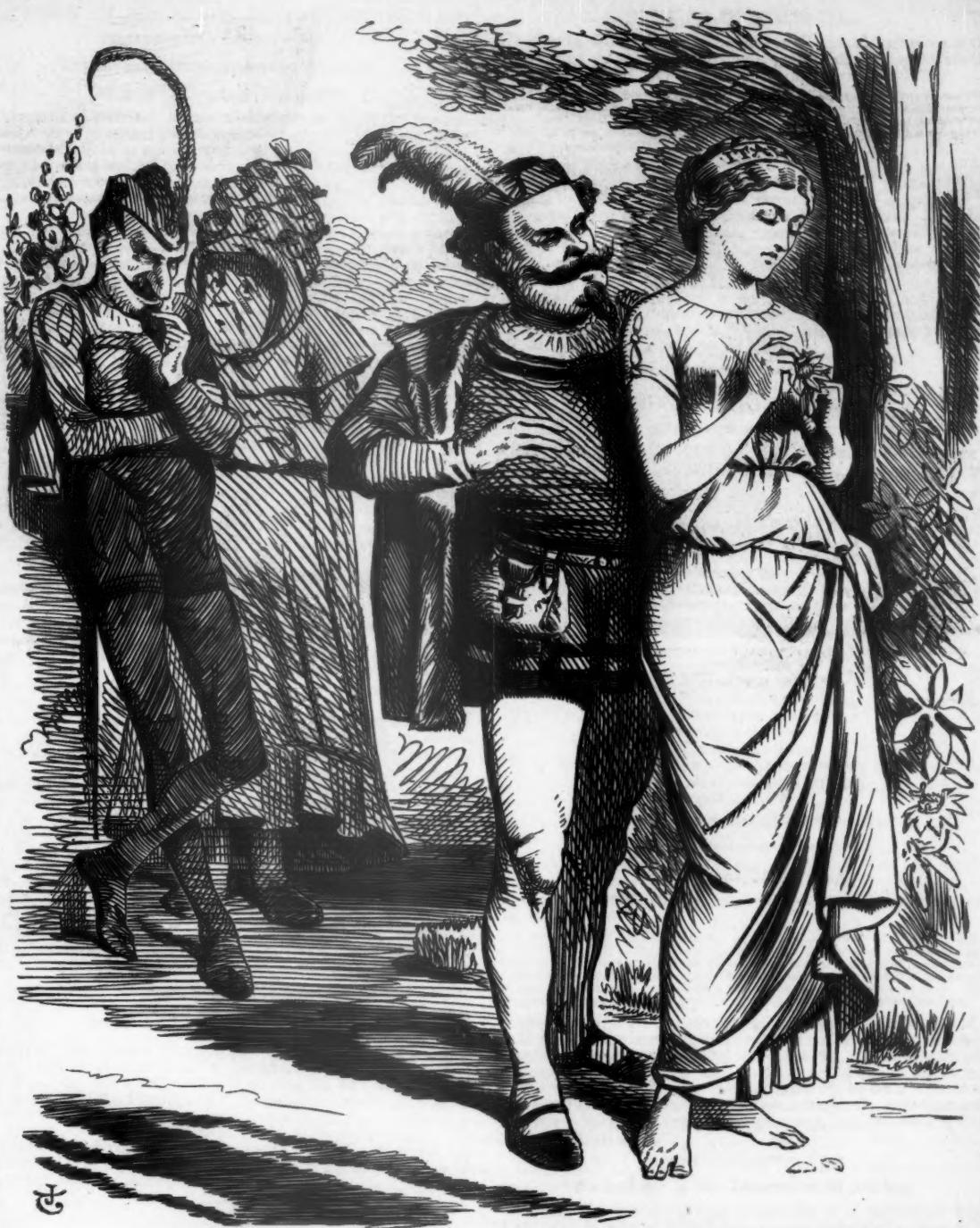
Among these illustrations in the music-shop windows there is one, however, that causes no laughter whatever, although it exhibits a laughing face. But the laugh is a horrid one, and the face is that of a man with long whiskers, who is dressed in a lady's clothes. There is not the least fun in this laughing face, but it wears an expression that is unspeakably odious. This print is entitled *Lady Dundreary*, and the less besides that we say about it the better.

Wilkes with Wings.

By accounts from Yankee Land we learn that :—

"COMMODORE WILKES had been ordered to take the command of a flying squadron on the West India Station."

Is that because COMMODORE WILKES is a goose ?



FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

FAUST	MR. V. EMMANUEL	MEPHISTOPHILES	MR. L. NAP.
MARGUERITE	MISS ITALY.	MARTHA	MRS. POPE.

MARGUERITE. "HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT."

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

J.

fe
po
ar
pa

M
co
hi
ei
F
co
in
en
th
av
g
T

fl
al
ve
bo
F
co
C
an
ni
do
no
pa
is
F

te
fr
ti
is
er
fr
F
de
pl
o
p
to
t
b
F
n

h
li
g
v
p
t

t
e
l

JACTITATION OF MARRIAGE.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

MATRIMONIAL CAUSES COURT.

FEDERALS v. SOUTH (Otherwise REBELS).

Before Sir JONATHAN BUNCOMBE.

JACTITATION of marriage, it may be necessary to inform our non-professional readers, is defined by civilians as being a suit where one of the parties asserts that he or she is married, which the other party denying, and no adequate proof of the marriage being brought, the offending party is enjoined silence on that head.

The circumstances are briefly these:—FEDERALS, the pursuer, and Miss SOUTH, the defendant, are very distantly related (8th or 10th cousins), FEDERALS having much common Irish and German blood in his veins, while Miss SOUTH has a fine blue aristocratic tinge. About eighty years ago, FEDERALS and Miss SOUTH ran away from home, FEDERALS having first shockingly abused his mother. The pursuer contends that matrimonial rites were duly celebrated, and that the awe-inspiring words “for better or worse, until death us do part,” were employed and assented to. In support of his case against Miss SOUTH (the pursuer alleges that Dr. FRANKLIN was present and gave her away. Miss SOUTH retorts by asserting that Dr. FRANKLIN never gave anything away—that didn’t belong to him, and challenges FEDERALS to prove that he did.

Miss SOUTH (who is properly so called, REBELS being a *nom-de-guerre* flung at her by FEDERALS in the heat of passion) indignantly denies that she ever had any real attachment to the pursuer, and solemnly avers that there never was any union of hand or heart, nothing in fact beyond a contract of Partnership—a single amalgamation of Dollars. For some time Miss SOUTH has been in the cotton trade, and is perfectly competent to maintain herself and manage her own affairs, should the Court pronounce judgment in her favour. FEDERALS, as most persons are aware, is a noted manufacturer of wooden nutmegs. Their pecuniary interests are not exactly coincident, for while Miss SOUTH demands a large stall in the market for her cotton, FEDERALS having no such want for his wooden nutmegs, has long been endeavouring to prevent her from occupying more than a corner. That Miss SOUTH’s is a state of slavery no one can deny, though it is not pretended that FEDERALS is altogether responsible for that.

Again, Miss SOUTH a strong-minded female, stands in need of no protection. FEDERALS, a nervous irritable man, who regards his best friends with suspicion, on the contrary, has always been crying out that there must be more police at the custom-house, and that if something is not done, he shall certainly be robbed. Miss SOUTH says that she has enough to do looking after her cotton, being a dainty fabric, to keep it from the blacks, without being annoyed by the “delicate attentions” of FEDERALS, who is given to vapour and smoke. Finally, Miss SOUTH declares that her passionate admirer the love-sick FEDERALS is completely deranged—that he raves and is given to stamping—that he often runs like a Bull, and that certain colours—British ones in particular, will cause him to roar.

The Court after hearing the pleadings, which are very voluminous, took time to consider.

It is rumoured that the costs—of FEDERALS especially—will, as in the case of another suspected Lunatic in the English Court of Chancery, be literally “stunning.”

NOTE. Since these proceedings were commenced, the position of FEDERALS has been so altered, that instead of the “Pursuer” he might perhaps now be more perfectly called “FEDERALS the Pursued.”

Imperial Present to the Pope.

AMONGST other valuable presents, we are informed that the EMPRESS has sent PIUS, as a further proof of her affection, a magnificent crinoline with all the latest improvements, so that he may wear it on all great festivities of the Church, under his sacerdotal robes. It is of the very largest dimensions, and we have no doubt will look every bit as well under the POPE’s petticoat as under any other old woman’s. The present must be taken only as another indication of the prevailing idea that rules in the mind of the EMPRESS that it is absolutely impossible to make too much of the POPE.

“UNE ERREUR PRONONCÉE.”

EVER since LORD JOHN’s elevation to the Peerage, he *obliges* more than ever. He seems to be under the influence of the old aristocratic feeling *Noblesse oblige*. It wouldn’t be a bad motto for him.

WHAT IS A SHIN-PLASTER?—It is a favourite American remedy, a kind of Poor Man’s Plaster, and one that gives but poor relief, which is now being applied in all cases of tick-dollar-oux. It has the effect of materially lowering the circulation.

DANCING IN DEMENTIA.

At Biarritz, the other day, in the course of a grand ball given at the Villa Eugénie, we are informed that a cotillon was danced before the EMPRESS, apparently, and that:

“An innovation has been introduced into the figure which is likely to become the rage in the Paris salons this winter. It consists in offering to the ladies, on inviting them to dance, small flags of different colours. One of the gentlemen carries a staff surmounted by ten ribbons, also of different colours, the ends of which are held by the gentlemen and ladies taking part in the dance.”

We should like to know whether it ever occurs to any one among the gentlemen who take part in this extremely imbecile proceeding, and especially to the one who carries the baulbie, “a staff surmounted by ten ribbons,” that he is making himself a deplorable fool. According to the communication above-quoted, “the EMPEROR was not present, feeling a little indisposed.” If NAPOLÉON had been there, the spectacle of such fatuous fiddle-faddle would have endangered his life. Perhaps this silly cotillon will be “the rage” in the salons of Paris this winter. It would probably be still more popular in certain institutions devoted to psychological medicine, at which dancing is found to be a remedial amusement, and it might, no doubt with peculiar advantage, be introduced into asylums for idiots.

EXAMINATIONS FOR ATTACHES.

MIND YOUR P’S AND Q’S.

(THESE are the verses which the HONOURABLE SCRAWL wrote to his LEONORA, when he had perfected his running hand in “Six lessons from the Flying Pen.”)

First Verse.

Oh, speak to me my LEONORA! :
Speak across the stormy deep,
Where the white bait and the Lobster ;
And the Yarmouth Bloaters sleep—
Through theous and leagues of water
That soft voices shall come to—
Speak of Love oh LEONORA!
And bidimes speak to thee.

Second Verse.

Scarce a week and from his country
Will reluctant SCHAWLA have left,
Squirming off Prague or Pekin—
Or besquirm himself instead:
Oh if through relentless RYAN
Cold Dean’s Yard my grave must be,
Speak still speak—of Love LEONORA,
And I’ll speak back to thee.

(Third, and remaining twenty-five verses, illegible.)

HOMEOPATHY AT SEA.

HERE is a piece of news which may interest our homeopathic readers, if we have any:

“A NEW REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—A Cronstadt journal states that the Japanese Ambassadors all suffered from sea-sickness in going from Swinemunde to St. Petersburg. The first ambassador, in particular, was exceedingly ill, notwithstanding the strange remedy he employed, which consisted of soup made of horse-radish and rice, seasoned with red herring and sardines cut into small pieces. When eating this singular compound he took a little champagne after every spoonful.”

Anybody ashore and perfectly well swallowing this compound, it would probably produce on him the effect of a glass of antimonial wine. Accordingly, on the principle that like cures like, it should be an effectual remedy for sea-sickness, and no doubt would act as such with a power inversely proportionate to the quantity of the dose. The reason why his Japanese Excellency was exceedingly ill, notwithstanding he employed this potent remedy, doubtless was, that he took it in larger than infinitesimal doses.

Mythology is the Lemprière of Joking.

A MYTHOLOGICIAN was saying, in reference to a fashionable Tinted Venus, who, in point of embellishments, was certainly the *flour* of the room, that “if ever her husband ventured to kiss her, it must be after the fashion of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.” “And why?” asked the usual inquirer, who is always indispensable on these occasions for the completion of a joke, “and, pray, why?” “Because, my dear Sir, it must be kissing through plaster.”

HIS RIVAL’S LAST.

WHY is a large crinolined lady at a small door like Stoke-upon-Trent? Because SHE can’t get in there.—BERESTFORD HOPE.

A DAY AT DIEPPE.



"THEY manage these things better in France," remarked my excellent friend JONES, as we the other day were looking at the bathers down at Bullsgate. "We English are most moral people, and all that; but in bathing we are certainly less decent than our neighbours. Just you come with me, old boy, and spend a morning at Dieppe, and then acknowledge that the bathing here is not of the first water."

"So across to France we went, my *Punch*, and so 'calm was the glassy ocean' that JONES could not refrain from saying it was quite *mer de glace*. Even this bad joke however failed to excite in me any nauseous sensation, and I landed without having to call out for the Steward, excepting once or twice to bring me a *petit verre de cognac*, just to drink to JONES's health and wish ourselves *bon voyage*. As I mean to write anonymously, I don't much mind confessing that I never in my life had set my foot in France before. So JONES had some slight trouble to make me walk about with him at the pace which, as an old traveller, of course he wished to go. It was evening when we landed, and the quay looked gay and pretty with its lamps lit and its groups of people walking underneath the trees, or sitting comfortably smoking just outside the Cafés; and while we marched along, as Britons always do, in the middle of the streets, there were no touters to pester one with 'Nice accommodation, gents,' and the women looked so pleasant in their bonnetless white caps, and the *blanchisseuses* were so industrious at their windows, and things seemed all so different to what they were at Bullsgate, that I allowed myself to suffer most unusual pangs of hunger before I let JONES drag me into our hotel.

"After supping, among other extraordinary things, upon '*Épigrammes d'agneau*' and hot stewed '*flageolets*', (I thought fried flutes would follow, or boiled ophicleides perhaps,) we were told there was a *bal* that night at the Casino, to which, it being a juvenile night, of course we felt we ought to go. What would pious Clapham say if it heard that JONES and I, two most respectable married men, had been seen at a Casino, and there had met the Misses CHURCHMOUSE, attended by their Ma? In London those dear ladies would sooner commit suicide than go to a Casino, or even to Cremorne. But the Casino at Dieppe is quite another thing, of course; and rigid care is taken that whoever likes to dance may find a decent partner for a waltz or a quadrille, without the possibility of finding the reverse. The Misses CHURCHMOUSE, bless them! are much too proper-minded ever to dream of dancing in a public-room in England. But the twenty miles of water, you know, makes all the difference; and one may dare to do in France what Society in England would shudder to see done.

"Well, next morning, after making no end of a good *déjeuner* (by the way I felt quite proud to find how well the *garçons* understood me when I trotted out before them my fine Britannic French, which, as they all of them spoke English, there really was no need, JONES said, for my displaying) we lit up our cigars, which we had luckily brought with us, for what they call cigars in France are most unsmokeable and vile, and then set forth on our mission as inspectors of *les Bains*. As anyone may for a trifle go and see them for himself, I shall not waste your valuable space by a description. Enough to say that decency and comfort are more studied at Dieppe than they are at any bathing-place that I have seen in England, and that French girls as a rule when they get into the water can do something more than stand and bob their bodies up and down, which is all that British lady-bathers in general can do. I saw plenty of girls swimming and taking splendid headers from a boat kept for the purpose, and I thought such bathing must be far more healthy and enjoyable than the bobbing-around business which is popular at Bullsgate.

"But there are other things to do in a day spent at Dieppe than to sit and smoke cigars,

and make inspection of the bathers. So leaving JONES to show his genius in ordering a dinner (for when a man has time to dine, a *table d'hôte* is a mistake) I prowled about the town, and peeped into the churches, and pottered about the cliffs, and popped my nose into the castle, and worked my legs as hard as Englishmen when pleasuring are prone usually to do. I found no street-boys to chaff me when I stopped and stared about; and in a stroll outside the town along the road to Rouen (which is not the Road to Ruin, for I hear the fine old city has been of late so modernised that old tourists scarcely know it), I found the peasants vastly civil in showing me the way, and the bows some of them gave me when I wished them a *bonjour*, were such as English clodhoppers might vainly try to imitate. I have heard complaints of Frenchmen of a somewhat higher standing being selfish and uncivil to tourists whom they meet; but so far as one day's walk enables me to judge, the peasantry at any rate seem willing to oblige.

"You are well aware, *mon ami*, how I love *la chasse*, and pride myself not vainly on my prowess as a 'sportman.' Conceive then my delight at seeing *PENSION DES CHIENS* stuck up as the signboard of a cottage near the harbour. There were nets strewed at the front, and appearances outside, I own, looked rather fishy. By a peep over a paling I saw a row of little pens, looking less like dog kennels than poultry-coops or stydes, but the growls and yelps and barks which were emitted thence were what no porcine throat could possibly give vent to. At the gate there stood a yellow-faced lean man in a blue blouse, looking far less like a dog-keeper than a jealous butcher. 'Montrez-moi les chiens,' said I to the master of this canine hotel. 'Je suis un chasseur, moi, et, mon ami, je veux voir les chiens de la chasse.' Upon this heart-touching appeal of course the gate was opened, and the Pension with its inmates lay patent to my view. How shall I describe the noble animals I saw, or give you an idea of my ecstasy at sight of them? There was Azor, *le bel Azor*, with emaciated carcass, and a pair of lanthorn jaws, such as would make light of crunching scores of ducks and chickens. There was César, a cross-breed between a pointer and a poodle, with bleak eyes and broken teeth which told of long, long service. How many a plump partridge hast thou consumed, my César, or more likely larks and linnets and other smaller game-birds? And whence, my noble Beppo, came thy long hound's ears and thy fuzzy poodle's legs and tail of a Skye terrier? Verily it is a wise French dog that knoweth his own father! Nay, yelp not, *paupier chien*, I would not insult thy ancestors. *Cur me querelis examinas tuus. Silence donc, mauvais bête!* Go home and chain up, Ugly! Wert thou mine I should soon wish thee in the land of thy forefathers. Surely such a mongrel must have come from far Mongrelia.

"A French *chasseur*, my *Punch*, is a wonderful moving sight. As a sportsman it rejoiced my sympathising heart to see the brave ALPHONSE and THÉODORE starting for the chase, with velvet hunting caps of green, and velvet shooting-coats to match, with purple gloves, long yellow leggings and capacious yard-broad game bags buckled at their backs. In France the noble 'sportman' carries his own game, and if he were to shoot an elephant his bag is big enough to pouch it. We know that all is *gibier* that comes into their game-nets; yet I fear that the days are few and far between when brave ALPHONSE and THÉODORE return with a full bag. Larks, thrushes and tomtits are no doubt nice to eat, and of course a French *chasseur* would never leave such trophies of his skill upon the field. But it would take a thousand thrushes, linnets and tomtits to fill one of the game-bags which *les chasseurs* love to carry; and savagely as the warfare against small birds has been waged, I fear ALPHONSE and THÉODORE

but seldom come home from the battle-field, triumphant with the bodies of above a dozen victims.

" Recommending Dieppe heartily to all who wish to bathe with decency, and to lounge upon a beach kept free from ballad-bawlers, bad brass bands and bothering boatmen, I remain, mon ami Ponche, with the assurance of my most distinguished reverence, " VIATOR."



ALPHONSE AND " LE BEL AZOR."

POLITICAL EVERGREENS.

A RARE old plant undoubtedly is the Ivy green, but how superior in point of verdure is the venerable Palm! There are sermons in stones—even in a GLAD-STONE—and if there is no homily in Palm, it is because a grateful spirit inspires it with songs of joy. Autumn comes—flowers fade on their stems—leaves loosen from their stalks—desolation reigns over the Woods and Forests, but the prospects of the country are cheering, and why? because there is still vigour in its Palm.

Palm is found in all places, and has been for more than half a century—Home, Foreign, and Colonial. Yet there is nothing parasitical about the rare old plant, and if it clings to the House, certainly the House derives additional respectability and value from its attachment. It is wood alike by the courtly zephyr and the popular gale, and while around it, branches blown from Dizzy heights are spread, somehow or other, " eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Of another evergreen we are reminded that "the stateliest building man can raise is the Ivy's food at last." This, we suppose, refers to BARRY's new Houses of Parliament, and doubtless that legislative structure furnishes sustenance to Palm, and will, we hope, for many pleasant years supply him with his dew. Nervous Politicians when they see a time-honoured institution covered with lichens, are apt to be distrustful of its stability, but when connected and fortified with Palm, they feel that the Church is in no danger—and still less are the Ministers.

Though this perennial rises to a considerable altitude, and has an aristocratic bearing, being picked out with strawberry leaves, it is remarkable for its genial warmth, rather than that cold shade at which plebeians shiver. The blessing invoked for the Oak we all desire for the Palm while we gladly sing:

" And still flourish he, a pale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone."

Foreign nations may proudly repose upon their laurels, but BRITANNIA, who delights more in peace than in power, leans with complacency upon her Palm.

THE BEST BREAD-MAKING MACHINE.—The Lancashire Fund for the distressed Operatives.

A PERVERTER OF " PUNCH."

MR. PUNCH lately animadverted on the impertinence of a pseudo-papistical coxcomb, the author of a letter in a Bath paper signed H. S. FAGAN. The same quack, under the same signature, has ventured to have another fling at *Punch*: his missiles chiefly consisting of second-hand suds, derived from Mrs. Harris's pail. Among them, however, there is this original aspersion :

" If any of your readers do read *Mr. Punch's* letter press, they may have seen, as I accidentally did, an account (21st June last, I think) headed, 'Protestant Monkey Trick,' containing, amongst other choice bits of absurdity, the following: 'On Easter day, which we all know is a high day in the Romish Church, so likewise was it at St. Matthias.' Now, as a clergyman, whose Easter services were not so long over, I could not read this unmoved. I had, in my simplicity, imagined Easter day to be a high day, not in the Romish Church and at St. Matthias only, but all over the Christian world—a day to be highly remembered among us.' No doubt *Mr. Punch*, and those who form their views on his statements, and reciprocally react on those statements (for he is always true to the sentiments of the class for which he writes), have, like the *Dexter* in *Mollie*, long ago 'changed all that.' "

The remark about Easter, which Mr. H. S. FAGAN above represents as that of *Punch*, occurs, not in the language of *Mr. Punch*, but in a quotation, the subject of *Punch's* comment. MR. H. S. FAGAN cannot be such a fool as not to have been perfectly well aware of that fact when he alleged a different one. Perhaps, instead of MR. H. S. FAGAN, *Punch* ought to write the REV. H. S. FAGAN. MR. FAGAN dates his letter "Charcombe Rectory," and calls himself "a clergyman." It does not therefore follow that he is one. MR. FAGAN may be no more a clergyman, than *Mr. Punch* is the author of the "absurdity" imputed to him by MR. FAGAN. If, however, he is a clergyman, he is evidently one of those clergymen who affect the character of Romish priests. He may be expected to preach their opinions. Let those who may think it worth while to hear the REV. MR. FAGAN hold forth, be careful to take a Bible with them. When MR. FAGAN gives out the text, let them look it up, lest perchance they should find that the preacher has cited words not to be found in the book. The old original Deceiver, we all know, can quote Scripture for his purpose, but he would be more likely to misquote it; and so would any ecclesiastical Humbug who misquotes *Punch*.

Mr. Punch proposes for the consideration of MR. FAGAN, or the REV. H. S. FAGAN, the subjoined variation of part of a popular canticle :

" Speak the truth, and let speech be free;

If you can, prove *Punch* a pagan:

But don't you sit there and tell lies about me,

Deceitful and impudent FAGAN."

There, MR. FAGAN, if you are fond of intonation, intone that!

A LIBERAL PROPOSAL.

" A RAILWAY DIRECTOR," writing to the *Times*, emphatically says—

" We are running some monster trains at a loss to the shareholders and a risk to the passengers. Of course, we have done what we can to render their working safe, but for one I maintain that this cannot be done. As our manager says, we had better give them their fares to stay at home."

We do not mind entering into an agreement with this same railway. Let them only send us the fare of each excursion-train they run, and we will solemnly promise "to stay at home." We have no doubt, if the above liberal offer were more generally known, that there are thousands who would be too glad to accept the terms of the company at half-price. The shareholders shouldn't grumble, because if the present system is (*vide supra*) a loss to them, the fewer persons that travel by such trains, the more their loss is likely to be diminished. In fact, we believe it would be a positive gain to many Railways, if they closed their premises, and ceased running their trains altogether. Better do that, than pay £60,000 a-year, like the Great Western, in compensation monies for accidents.

We hope shortly to receive a letter from the Secretary of this railway, stating that our proposal has been before the Board, and the Directors will be most happy to close with it.

CHEER UP, JONATHAN!

Why should LINCOLN and Company no prospect see
Of getting themselves safely out of their fix? !
When they are in fact what poor North pines to be,
That emblem of Union—a bundle of sticks?

READY FOR A BRUSH.

We do not know why the name given to these iron-plated monsters of the deep should have been that of a Ram. As the professed object of such an overpowering invention is to sweep the seas, we think it would have been more suitable to have called it a *Ramoneur*.



DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

HOUSEMAYD. "Lack, Mum, Master and Missus are gone to Badunbadum, and won't be back not till November; they thought as how you never were a-coming."

SAUSAGES IN THE SLUMS.

"PUNCH,

"You are probably aware that the subjoined statement occurs in the Registrar-General's Weekly Return:—

"Three children, aged 2, 8, and 11 years respectively, died at 207, Bethnal Green Road, from 'scarlatina maligna, aggravated by the fetid exhalations from an adjoining sausage factory'."

"If three children died at 207, Bethnal Green Road, from scarlatina maligna, it is likely that many more, and numerous adults also, will likewise die in that neighbourhood from the same causes. Well, well; since these deaths will occur in Bethnal Green Road and thereabouts, we must bear them as well as we may! But that sausage factory, which emits those fetid exhalations that aggravate scarlatina, is an insufferable fact. If its exhalations are morbid, its productions must be noxious. Can we be sure that all the sausages made at that manufactory are consumed by the inhabitants of the district which it infects? Do none of them reach our clubs and our households, get served up at our little dinners, and appear on our breakfast tables under the name of Newmarket or Cambridge? What must it be to eat the sausages which exhale zymotic effluvia? If such abominations as the Scarlatina Maligna Sausage Factory alluded to by the Registrar-General are not instantly abolished, we had better give up sausages altogether, and leave them, with other pernicious offal, to be devoured by the lower orders who inhabit Bethnal Green Road and the adjacent slums. But a really well-made sausage is a deuced good thing, and the renunciation of anything good is an effort of self-denial, and every species of self-denial, is a bore. So I wish you would say what is necessary to put the law in motion for sweeping away the sausage-factories which reduce the inferior population, and diminish the enjoyments of your occasional reader."

"The Albany, Oct. 1, 1862."

"PUBLICOLA."

THE WORST LADY'S HABIT.—Crinoline, and the sooner she throws off the habit the better.

IMPOSSIBILITY FOR JOHN BULL.

MAKE a statue is one thing I've said I can't do; That is one; there's another, I find, that makes two. Though Commissioners send me account on account in, I can't make a statue, and can't make a fountain.

As a national work, and an art undertaking, No fountain I've ever succeeded in making, 'Tis a squirt, or its jet ginger-beer seems to mount in, I can't—no, I can't—I cannot make a fountain.

Trafalgar Square two of my failures contains; In Kensington Gardens I've wasted my pains. My drinking spouts may with conveniences count in; But, hang it, I must own I can't make a fountain.

Crystal Palace's fountains spout water sky-high. Why the deuce do not mine, then, I want to know why, Throw their columns aloft to the height of a mountain, Eh? Because, dash my buttons, I can't make a fountain.

Warning to Railway Companies.

MR. PUNCH begs to state that he takes the hint afforded in one of those first-chop articles published by a distinguished contemporary, on the Fuel in the Exhibition. "Every Railway Company that burns coal in its engines is liable to a daily fine." The very first time any railway official dares to interfere with Mr. Punch's own smoking, he sets the law to work, and day after day that fatal engine shall go on until the company that owns it sues for mercy, and sets up a Smoking Carriage. Directors, this is no vain threat.

"THE PERFECT CURE."—Last week, ending Saturday last, 19,154,693 patients were relieved by reading *Punch*. Of these, 9,659 were cases that had been abandoned by the ablest physicians as hopeless.